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JESUS AND MARY.

Jesus and Mary:

OR

CATHOLIC HYMNS.

BY

FREDERICK W. FABER,

PRIEST OF THE ORATORY OF ST. PHILIP NERI.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

Ecce Maria erat spes nostra, ad quam confugimus in auxilium, ut liberaret nos, et venit in adjutorium nobis. *Antiph. Ecclesiæ.*

LONDON:

JAMES BURNS, PORTMAN-STREET:

RICHARDSON AND SON, DERBY.

1849.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF ARUNDEL AND SURREY,

THIS LITTLE BOOK

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

WITH THE BELIEF THAT TO HIM

IT WILL BE THE TRUEST TOKEN

OF GRATITUDE FOR SO MANY KINDNESSES

THUS TO CONNECT HIS HONOURED NAME

WITH OUR DEAR ST. PHILIP.

PREFACE.

THE following Hymns do not, as will be seen, form anything like a perfect collection, but are given as a specimen of a much larger and more complete work. The Author has had a double end in view in the composition of them; first, to furnish some simple and original hymns for singing in Catholic churches; secondly, to provide English Catholics with a hymn-book for reading, in the simplest and least involved metres: and both these objects have not unfrequently required considerable sacrifice in a literary point of view.

When God raised up our dear and blessed Father St. Philip, St. Ignatius, and St. Theresa,

and gave them to His Church, just as the heresy of Protestantism was beginning to devastate the world, those three Saints seem to have had distinct departments assigned to them. All of them, each in a different way, met the subjectivity, the self-introverted habit of mind, which was then coming uppermost, and thus rendered modern Catholicism the great object of our study and the model for our imitation, as being peculiarly fashioned, and that by the hands of Saints, for the warfare of these latter ages. St. Theresa represents the common sense, the discreet enthusiasm, of devotion and the interior life, which distinguishes Catholic asceticism and the mysticism of the Saints from the fanatical vagaries of the heretics. St. Ignatius, without debarring his children from any field of labour, took in a special way the education of Europe and the evangelization of distant lands for his department, and

represented in the Church the principle of faith. St. Philip devised a changeful variety of spiritual exercises and recreations, which gathered round him the art and literature, as well as the piety of Rome, and was eminently qualified to meet the increased appetite for the Word of God, for services in the vernacular, for hymn-singing and prayer-meetings. Sanctity in the world, perfection at home, high attainments in common earthly callings — such was the principal end of his apostolate. He met the gloom and sourness and ungainly stiffness of the puritan element of Protestantism by cheerfulness and playful manners, which he ensured, not in any human way, but by leaving to his children the frequentation of the Sacraments as the chief subject of their preaching and their chief counsel in the spiritual direction of others; and he represented in the Church the principle of love. St. Ignatius was the St.

Dominic, St. Philip the St. Francis of his age; what was mediæval and suited to the mediæval state of things passed away, and there appeared at the Chiesa Nuova and the Gesù the less poetical, but thoroughly practical element of modern times, the common sense which works and wears so well in this prosaic world of ours.

It was natural then that an English son of St. Philip should feel the want of a collection of English Catholic hymns fitted for singing. The few in the Garden of the Soul were all that were at hand, and of course they were not numerous enough to furnish the requisite variety. As to translations, they do not express Saxon thoughts and feelings, and consequently the poor do not seem to take to them. The domestic wants of the Oratory, too, kept alive the feeling that something of the sort was needed; though at the same time the Author's ignorance of music ap-

peared in some measure to disqualify him for the work of supplying the defect. Eleven, however, of the hymns are written, most of them for particular tunes and on particular occasions, and became very popular with a country congregation. They were afterwards printed for the schools at St. Wilfrid's, and the very numerous applications to the printer for them seemed to show that in spite of very glaring literary defects, such as careless grammar and slipshod metre, people were anxious to have Catholic hymns of any sort. The MS. of the present volume was submitted to a musical friend, who replied that certain verses of all or nearly all the hymns would do for singing: and this encouragement has led to the publication of the volume.

This, however, as the length and character of many of the hymns will show, was not the only object of the volume. There is scarcely anything

which takes so strong a hold upon people as religion in metre, hymns or poems on doctrinal subjects. Every one, who has had experience among the English poor, knows the influence of Wesley's Hymns and the Olney Collection. Less than moderate literary excellence, a very tame versification, indeed often the simple recurrence of a rhyme is sufficient: the spell seems to lie in that. Catholics even are not unfrequently found poring with a devout and unsuspecting delight over the verses of the Olney Hymns, which the Author himself can remember acting like a spell upon him for years, strong enough to be for long a counter influence to very grave convictions, and even now to come back from time to time unbidden into the mind. The Welsh hymn-book is in two goodly volumes, and helps to keep alive the well-known Welsh fanaticism. The German hymn-book with its captivating double rhymes

outdoes Luther's Bible, as a support of the now decaying cause of Protestantism there. The Cantiques of the French Missions and the Laudi Spirituali of Italy are reckoned among the necessary weapons of the successful missionary; and it would seem that the Oratory, with its "perpetual domestic mission," first led the way in this matter; and St. Alphonso, the pupil of St. Philip's Neapolitan children, and himself once under a vow to join them, used to sing his own hymns in the pulpit before the sermon. It seemed then in every way desirable that Catholics should have a hymn-book *for reading*, which should contain the mysteries of the faith in easy verse, or different states of heart and conscience depicted, with the same unadorned simplicity, for example, as the "O for a closer walk with God" of the Olney Hymns; and that the metres should be of the simplest and least intricate sort, so as

not to stand in the way of the understanding or enjoyment of the poor, which has always been found to be the case with anything like elaborate metre, however simple the diction and touching the thoughts might be. The means of influence which one school of Protestantism has in Wesley's, Newton's and Cowper's hymns, and another in the more refined and engaging works of Oxford writers, and foreign Catholics in the Cantiques and Laudi, are unfortunately entirely wanting to us in our labours among the hymn-loving English.

The kind reader is requested then to consider these Hymns as a sample, upon which the Author wishes to invite criticism, with a view to future composition, if sufficient leisure should ever be allowed him for such labour; and they may perhaps be permitted, provisionally at least, to stand in the gap, which they are certainly not fitted

permanently to fill, in our popular Catholic literature.

F. W. FABER,

PRIEST OF THE ORATORY
OF ST. PHILIP NERI.

The Oratory, London.
Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.
1849.

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JESUS AND MARY.

CATHOLIC HYMNS.

I.

THE MOST HOLY TRINITY.

I.

HAVE mercy on us, God Most High!
  Have mercy upon me,
Have mercy on us worms of earth,
  Most Holy Trinity!

II.

Most ancient of all mysteries!
  Before Thy throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
  Most Holy Trinity!

III.

When heaven and earth were yet unmade,
When time was yet unknown,
Thou in Thy bliss and majesty
Didst live and love alone !

IV.

Thou wert not born, there was no fount
From which Thy Being flowed ;
There is no end which Thou canst reach :
But Thou art simply God.

V.

How wonderful creation is,
The work that Thou didst bless,
And, oh ! what then must Thou be like,
Eternal Loveliness ?

VI.

How beautiful the Angels are,
  The Saints how bright in bliss;
But with Thy beauty, Lord! compared,
  How dull, how poor is this!

VII.

In wonder lost, the highest heavens,
  Mary, their queen, may see—
If Mary is so beautiful,
  What must her Maker be?

VIII.

No wonder Saints have died of love,
  No wonder hearts can break,
Pure hearts that once have learned to love
  God for His own dear sake.

IX.

O Majesty most beautiful!
  Most Holy Trinity!
On Mary's throne we climb to get
  A far-off sight of Thee.

X.

O listen then, Most Pitiful!
  To Thy poor creature's heart;
It blesses Thee that Thou art God,
  That Thou art what Thou art!

XI.

Most ancient of all mysteries!
  Still at Thy throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
  Most Holy Trinity!

II.

THE ETERNAL FATHER.

I.

My God! how wonderful Thou art,
  Thy Majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy Mercy-Seat
  In depths of burning light!

II.

How dread are Thine eternal years,
  O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits day and night
  Incessantly adored!

III.

How beautiful, how beautiful
  The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
  And awful purity!

IV.

O how I fear Thee, Living God!
  With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
  And penitential tears.

V.

Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord!
  Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
  The love of my poor heart.

VI.

O then this worse than worthless heart
  In pity deign to take,
And make it love Thee, for Thyself
  And for Thy glory's sake.

VII.

No earthly father loves like Thee,
  No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done,
  With me Thy sinful child.

VIII.

Only to sit and think of God—
  O what a joy it is!
To think the thought, to breathe the Name—
  Earth has no higher bliss!

IX.

Father of Jesus! love's Reward!
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before Thy Throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee!

III.

JESUS, MY GOD AND MY ALL.

I.

O Jesus, Jesus! dearest Lord!
  Forgive me if I say
For very love Thy sacred Name
  A thousand times a day.

II.

I love Thee so I know not how
  My transports to control;
Thy love is like a burning fire
  Within my very soul.

III.

O wonderful! that Thou shouldst let
So vile a heart as mine
Love Thee with such a love as this,
And make so free with Thine.

IV.

The craft of this wise world of ours
Poor wisdom seems to me;
Ah! dearest Jesus! I have grown
Childish with love of Thee!

V.

For Thou to me art all in all,
My honour and my wealth,
My heart's desire, my body's strength,
My soul's eternal health.

VI.

Burn, burn, O Love! within my heart,
  Burn fiercely night and day,
Till all the dross of earthly loves
  Is burned, and burned away.

VII.

O Light in darkness, Joy in grief,
  O Heaven begun on earth!
Jesus! My Love! My Treasure! who
  Can tell what Thou art worth?

VIII.

O Jesus! Jesus! sweetest Lord!
  What art Thou not to me?
Each hour brings joys before unknown,
    Each day new liberty!

IX.

What limit is there to thee, love?
  Thy flight where wilt Thou stay?
On! on! our Lord is sweeter far
  To-day than yesterday.

X.

O love of Jesus! Blessed love!
  So will it ever be—
Time cannot hold thy wondrous growth,
  No, nor eternity!

IV.

THE ETERNAL SPIRIT.

I.

Fountain of Love! Thyself true God!
  Who through eternal days
From Father and from Son hast flowed
  In uncreated ways!

II.

O Majesty unspeakable!
  O Person all divine!
How in the Threefold Majesty
  Doth Thy Procession shine!

III.

Fixed in the Godhead's awful light
  Thy fiery Breath doth move;
Thou art a wonder by Thyself
  To worship and to love!

IV.

Proceeding, yet of equal age
  With Those whose love Thou art;
Proceeding, yet distinct from Those
  From whom Thou seemst to part:

V.

An undivided Nature shared
  With Father and with Son;
A Person by Thyself; with Them
  Thy simple essence One!

VI.

Bond art Thou of the other Twain!
  Omnipotent and free!
The consummating Love of God!
  The Limit of the Three!

VII.

Thou limitest infinity,
  Thyself all infinite;
The Godhead lives and loves, and rests
  In Thine eternal light.

VIII.

I dread Thee, Unbegotten Love!
  True God! Sole Fount of Grace!
And now before Thy blessed throne
  My sinful self abase.

IX.

Ocean, wide-flowing Ocean, Thou,
  Of uncreated Love ;
I tremble as within my soul
  I feel Thy waters move.

X.

Thou art a sea without a shore ;
  Awful, immense Thou art ;
A sea which can contract itself
  Within my narrow heart.

XI.

And yet Thou art a haven too
  Out on the shoreless sea,—
A harbour that can hold full well
  Shipwrecked Humanity.

XII.

Thou art an unborn Breath outbreathed
  On angels and on men,
Subduing all things to Thyself,
  We know not how or when.

XIII.

Thou art a God of fire, that doth
  Create while He consumes !
A God of light, whose rays on earth
  Darken where He illumes !

XIV.

All things, dread Spirit ! to Thy praise
  Thy Presence doth transmute ;
Evil itself Thy glory bears,
  Its one abiding fruit !

XV.

O Light! O Love! O very God!
I dare no longer gaze
Upon Thy wondrous Attributes,
And their mysterious ways.

XVI.

O Spirit, beautiful and dread!
My heart is fit to break
With love of Thy humility
For us poor sinners' sake.

XVII.

Thy love of Jesus I adore;—
My comfort this shall be,
That when I serve my dearest Lord
That service worships Thee!

V.

THE INFANT JESUS.

I.

Dear Little One! how sweet Thou art,
  Thine eyes how bright they shine,
So bright they almost seem to speak
  When Mary's look meets Thine!

II.

How faint and feeble is Thy cry,
  Like plaint of harmless dove,
When Thou dost murmur in Thy sleep
  Of sorrow and of love.

III.

When Mary bids Thee sleep Thou sleep'st,
  Thou wakest when she calls;
Thou art content upon her lap,
  Or in the rugged stalls.

IV.

Simplest of Babes! with what a grace
  Thou dost Thy Mother's will;
Thine infant fashions well betray
  The Godhead's hidden skill.

V.

When Joseph takes Thee in his arms,
  And smooths Thy little cheek,
Thou lookest up into his face
  So helpless and so meek.

VI.

Yes! Thou art what Thou seem'st to be,
  A thing of smiles and tears;
Yet Thou art God, and heaven and earth
  Adore Thee with their fears.

VII.

Yes! dearest Babe! those tiny hands,
  That play with Mary's hair,
The weight of all the mighty world
  This very moment bear.

VIII.

While thou art clasping Mary's neck
  In timid tight embrace,
The boldest Seraphs veil themselves
  Before Thine infant Face.

IX.

When Mary hath appeased Thy thirst,
And hushed Thy feeble cry,
The hearts of men lie open still
Before Thy slumbering eye.

X.

Art Thou, weak Babe! my very God?
O I must love Thee then,
Love Thee, and yearn to spread Thy love
Among forgetful men.

XI.

O dear! O wakeful-hearted Child!
Sleep on, dear Jesus! sleep;
For Thou must one day wake for me
To suffer and to weep.

XII.

A Scourge, a Cross, a cruel Crown
  Have I in store for Thee;
Yet why? one little tear, O Lord!
  Ransom enough would be.

XIII.

But no! death is thine own sweet will,
  The price decreed above;
Thou wilt do more than save our souls,
  For Thou wilt die for love.

VI.

JESUS CRUCIFIED.

I.

O come and mourn with me awhile ;
See, Mary calls us to her side ;
O come and let us mourn with her,—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

II.

Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?
Ah ! look how patiently He hangs,—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

III.

How fast His Hands and Feet are nailed ;
His blessed Tongue with thirst is tied,
His failing Eyes are blind with blood,—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

IV.

His Mother cannot reach His Face ;
She stands in helplessness beside,
Her heart is martyred with her Son's,—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

V.

Seven times He spoke, seven words of love,
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men ;—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

VI.

What was Thy crime, my dearest Lord ?
By earth, by heaven, Thou hast been tried,
And guilty found of too much love ;—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

VII.

Found guilty of excess of love,
It was Thine own sweet will that tied
Thee tighter far than helpless nails ;—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

VIII.

Death came, and Jesus meekly bowed ;
His falling Eyes He strove to guide
With mindful love to Mary's face ;—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

IX.

O break, O break, hard heart of mine !
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and His Judas were ;—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

X.

Come, take thy stand beneath the Cross,
And let the Blood from out that Side
Fall gently on thee drop by drop ;—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

XI.

A broken heart, a fount of tears,—
Ask, and they will not be denied ;
A broken heart love's cradle is ;—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

XII.

O Love of God ! O Sin of Man !
In this dread act your strength is tried ;
And victory remains with love,
For He, our Love, is crucified !

VII.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

(FROM THE ITALIAN.)

I.

Hail, Jesus! Hail! who for my sake
Sweet Blood from Mary's wounds didst take,
  And shed it all for me;
O blessed be my Saviour's Blood,
My life, my light, my only good,
  To all eternity.

II.

To endless ages let us praise
The Precious Blood whose price could raise
  The world from wrath and sin;
Whose streams our inward thirst appease,
And heal the sinner's worst disease,
  If he but bathe therein.

III.

O sweetest Blood, that can implore
Pardon of God, and heaven restore,
  The heaven which sin had lost:
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads
What Jesus shed still intercedes
  For those who wrong Him most.

IV.

O to be sprinkled from the wells
Of Christ's own sacred Blood, excels
  Earth's best and highest bliss:
The ministers of wrath divine
Hurt not the happy hearts that shine
  With those red drops of His!

V.

Ah ! there is joy amid the Saints,
And hell's despairing courage faints
When this sweet song we raise :
O louder then, and louder still,
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
The Precious Blood to praise !

Amen.

To all the faithful who say or sing the above Hymn, Pius VII. grants an Indulgence of 100 days : applicable also to the souls in Purgatory.

VIII.

THE DESCENT OF JESUS TO LIMBUS.

I.

Thousands of years had come and gone,
And slow the ages seemed to move
To those expectant souls that filled
That prison-house of patient love.

II.

It was a weary watch of theirs,
But onward still their hopes would press;
Captives they were, yet happy too,
In their contented weariness.

III.

As noiseless tides the ample depths
  Of some capacious harbour fill,
So grew the calm of that dread place
  Each day with increase swift and still.

IV.

Sweet tidings there St. Joseph took;
  The Saviour's work had then begun,
And of His Three-and-Thirty Years
  But three alone were left to run.

V.

And Eve like Joseph's shadow hung
  About him wheresoe'er he went;
She lived on thoughts of Mary's Child,
  Trembled with hope, and was content.

VI.

But see! how hushed the crowd of souls!
Whence comes the light of upper day?
What glorious Form is this that finds
Through central earth its ready way?

VII.

'Tis God! 'tis Man! The living Soul
Of Jesus, beautiful and bright,
The first-born of created things,
Flushed with a pure resplendent light.

VIII.

'Twas Mary's Child! Eve saw Him come;
She flew from Joseph's haunted side,
And worshipped, first of all that crowd,
The Soul of Jesus crucified.

IX.

So after four long thousand years
  Faith reached her end, and Hope her aim,
And from them, as they passed away,
  Love lit her everlasting flame!

IX.

JESUS RISEN.

I.

All hail! dear Conqueror! all hail!
  O what a victory is Thine!
How beautiful Thy strength appears,
  Thy crimson wounds, how bright they shine!

II.

Thou camest at the dawn of day;
  Armies of souls around Thee were,
Blest spirits, thronging to adore
  Thy Flesh, so marvellous, so fair.

III.

The everlasting Godhead lay
  Shrouded within those Limbs Divine,
Nor left untenanted one hour
  That sacred Human Heart of Thine.

IV.

They worshipped Thee, those ransomed souls,
  With the fresh strength of love set free,
They worshipped joyously, and thought
  Of Mary while they looked on Thee.

V.

And Thou too, Soul of Jesus! Thou
  Towards that sacred Flesh didst yearn,
And for the beatings of that Heart
  How ardently Thy love did burn.

VI.

They worshipped, while the beauteous Soul
  Paused by the Body's wounded Side:—
Bright flashed the cave,—before them stood
  The Living Jesus Glorified.

VII.

Down, down, all lofty things on earth,
  And worship Him with joyous dread!
O Sin! thou art outdone by love!
  O Death! thou art discomfited!

VIII.

Ye Heavens, how sang they in your courts,
  How sang the angelic choirs that day,
When from His tomb the imprisoned God,
  Like the strong sunrise, broke away.

IX.

O I am burning so with love,
I fear lest I should make too free;
Let me lie silent and adore
Thy glorified Humanity.

X.

Ah! now Thou sendest me sweet tears;
Fluttered with love, my spirits fail,—
What shall I say? Thou know'st my heart;
All Hail! dear Conqueror! all hail!

X.

THE APPARITION OF JESUS TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

I.

O Queen of Sorrows! raise thine eyes;
  See! the first light of dawn is there;
The hour is come, and thou must end
  Thy Forty Hours of lonely prayer.

II.

Day dawns; it brightens on the hill:
  New grace, new powers within her wake,
Lest the full tide of joy should crush
  The heart that sorrow could not break.

III.

O never yet had Acts of Hope
  Been offered to the Throne on high,
Like those that died on Mary's lip,
  And beamed from out her glistening eye.

IV.

Hush! there is silence in her heart,
  Deeper than when St. Gabriel spoke,
And upon midnight's tingling ear
  The blessed Ave sweetly broke.

V.

Ah me! what wondrous change is this!
  What trembling floods of noiseless light!
Jesus before His Mother stands,
  Jesus, all beautiful and bright!

VI.

He comes ! He comes ! and will she run
With freeest love her Child to greet ?
He came ! and she, His creature, fell
Prostrate at her Creator's Feet.

VII.

He raised her up ; He pressed her head
Gently against His wounded Side ;
He gave her spirit strength to bear
The sight of Jesus Glorified.

VIII.

From out His Eyes, from out His Wounds
A power of awful beauty shone ;
O how the speechless Mother gazed
Upon the glory of her Son !

IX.

She could not doubt : 'twas truly He
  Who had been with her from the first,—
The very eyes, the mouth, the hair,
  The very Babe whom she had nursed,—

X.

Her burden o'er the desert sands,
  The helpmate of her toils,—'twas He,
He by whose deathbed she had stood
  Long hours beneath the bleeding Tree.

XI.

His crimson Wounds, they shone like suns,
  His beaming hand was raised to bless ;
The sweetness of His voice had hushed
  The angels into silentness.

XII.

His sacred Flesh, like spirit, glowed,
  Glowed with immortal beauty's might;
His smiles were like the virgin rays
  That sprang from new-created light.

XIII.

When wilt thou drink that beauty in?
  Mother! when wilt thou satisfy
With those adoring looks of love
  The thirst of thine extatic eye?

XIV.

Not yet, not yet thy wondrous joy
  Is filled to its mysterious brim;
Thou hast another sight to see
  To which this vision is but dim!

XV.

Jesus into His Mother's heart
  A special gift of strength did pour,
That she might bear what none had borne
  Amid the sons of earth before.

XVI.

O let not words be bold to tell
  What in the Mother's heart was done,
When for a moment Mary saw
  The unshrouded Godhead of her Son.

XVII.

What bliss for us that Jesus gave
  To her such wondrous gifts and powers;
It is a joy the joys were hers,
  For Mary's joys are doubly ours!

XI.

THE ASCENSION.

I.

Why is thy face so lit with smiles,
  Mother of Jesus! why?
And wherefore is thy beaming look
  So fixed upon the sky?

II.

From out thine overflowing eyes
  Bright lights of gladness part,
As though some gushing fount of joy
  Had broken in thy heart.

III.

Mother! how canst thou smile to-day?
  How can thine eyes be bright,
When He, thy Life, thy Love, thine All,
  Hath vanished from thy sight?

IV.

His rising form on Olivet
  A summer's shadow cast;
The branches of the hoary trees
  Drooped as the shadow passed.

V.

And as He rose with all His train
  Of righteous souls around,
His blessing fell into thine heart,
  Like dew into the ground.

VI.

Down stooped a silver cloud from heaven,
  The Eternal Spirit's car,
And on the lessening vision went,
  Like some receding star.

VII.

The silver cloud hath sailed away,
  The skies are blue and free;
The road that vision took is now
  Sunshine and vacancy.

VIII.

The Feet which thou hast kissed so oft,
  Those living Feet, are gone;
Mother! thou canst but stoop and kiss
  Their print upon the stone.

IX.

He loved the Flesh thou gavest Him,
  Because it was from thee;
He loved it, for it gave Him power
  To bleed and die for me.

X.

That Flesh with its five witness Wounds
  Unto His throne He bore,
For God to love, and spirits blest
  To worship ever more.

XI.

Yes! He hath left thee, Mother dear!
  His throne is far above;
How canst thou be so full of joy
  When thou hast lost thy Love?

XII.

O surely earth's poor sunshine now
To thee mere gloom appears,
When He is gone who was its light
For Three-and-Thirty Years.

XIII.

Why do not thy sweet hands detain
His Feet upon their way?
O why doth not the Mother speak
And bid her Son to stay?

XIV.

Ah no! thy love is rightful love,
From all selfseeking free;
The change that is such gain to Him
Can be no loss to thee!

XV.

'Tis sweet to feel our Saviour's love,
  To feel His Presence near;
Yet loyal love His glory holds
  A thousand times more dear.

XVI.

Who would have known the way to love
  Our Jesus as we ought,
If thou in varied joy and woe
  Hadst not that lesson taught?

XVII.

Ah! never is our love so pure
  As when refined by pain,
Or when God's glory upon earth
  Finds in our loss its gain!

XVIII.

True love is worship: Mother dear!
O gain for us the light
To love, because the creature's love
Is the Creator's right!

XII.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

I.

Jesus ! my Lord, my God, my all !
  How can I love Thee as I ought ?
And, how revere this wondrous gift,
  So far surpassing hope or thought ?
    Sweet Sacrament ! we Thee adore !
    O, make us love Thee more and more !

II.

Had I but Mary's sinless heart
  To love Thee with, my dearest King !

O with what bursts of fervent praise
  Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing!
    Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
    O, make us love Thee more and more!

III.

O see! within a creature's hand
  The vast Creator deigns to be,
Reposing infant-like, as though
  On Joseph's arm, or Mary's knee.
    Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
    O, make us love Thee more and more!

IV.

Thy Body, Soul, and Godhead, all!
  O mystery of love divine!
I cannot compass all I have,
  For all Thou hast and art are mine!

Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
O, make us love Thee more and more!

V.

Sound, sound His praises higher still,
And come, ye angels, to our aid,
'Tis God! 'Tis God! the very God
Whose power both man and angels made!
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
O, make us love Thee more and more!

VI.

Ring joyously, ye solemn bells!
And wave, O wave, ye censers bright!
'Tis Jesus cometh, Mary's Son,
And God of God, and Light of Light!
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
O, make us love Thee more and more!

VII.

O earth! grow flowers beneath his feet,
And thou, O sun, shine bright this day!
He comes! He comes! O Heaven on earth!
Our Jesus comes upon His way!
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
O, make us love Thee more and more!

VIII.

He comes! He comes! The Lord of Hosts,
Borne on His throne triumphantly!
We see Thee, and we know Thee, Lord;
And yearn to shed our Blood for Thee.
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
O, make us love Thee more and more!

IX.

Our hearts leap up; our trembling song
Grows fainter still; we can no more;

Silence ! and let us weep—and die
  Of very love, while we adore.
    Great Sacrament of love divine !
    All, all we have or are be Thine !

XIII.

THE MISSION OF THE HOLY GHOST.

I.

No track is on the sunny sky,
  No footprints on the air;
Jesus hath gone; the face of earth
  Is desolate and bare.

II.

The blessed feet of Mary's Son,
  They tread the streets no more;
His soul-converting voice gives not
  Its music as before.

III.

His Mother sits all worshipful
With her majestic mien ;
The princes of the infant Church
Are gathered round their Queen.

IV.

They gaze on her with raptured eyes,
Her features are like His,
Her presence is their ample strength,
Her face reflects their bliss.

V.

That Upper Room is heaven on earth ;
Within its precincts lie
All that earth has of faith, or hope,
Or heaven-born charity.

VI.

The Eye of God looks down on them,
His love is centred there ;
His Spirit yearns to be o'ercome
By their sweet strife of prayer.

VII.

The Mother prays her mighty prayer,
In accents meek and faint,
And highest heaven is quick to own
The beautiful constraint.

VIII.

The Eternal Son takes up the prayer
Upon His royal throne ;
The Son His human Mother hears,
The Sire His equal Son.

IX.

The Spirit hears, and He consents
His mission to fulfil;
For what is asked hath ever been
His own eternal will.

X.

Ten days and nights in Acts Divine
Of awful love were spent,
While Mary and her children prayed
The Spirit might be sent.

XI.

The joy of angels grew and grew
On Mary's wondrous prayer,
And the Divine Complacence stooped
To feed His glory there.

XII.

Her eyes to heaven were humbly raised,
While for her Spouse she prayed ;
Methought the sweetness of her prayer
His blissful coming stayed.

XIII.

For ever coming did He seem,
For ever on the wing ;
His chosen angels round His Throne
Now gazed, now ceased to sing.

XIV.

How beautiful, how passing speech,
The Dove did then appear,
As the hour of His humility
At Mary's word drew near !

XV.

The hour was come ; the wings of love
  By His own will were freed :
The hour was come ; the Eternal Three
  His mission had decreed.

XVI.

Then for His love of worthless men,
  His love of Mary's worth,
His beauteous wings the Dove outspread,
  And winged his flight to earth.

XVII.

O wondrous Flight ! He left not heaven,
  Though earth's low fields He won,
But in the Bosom still reposed
  Of Father and of Son.

XVIII.

O Flight ! O blessed Flight of Love !
Let me Thy mercies share ;
Grant it, sweet Dove! for my poor soul
Was part of Mary's prayer!

XIV.

THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

I.

O mighty Mother! why that light
  In thine uplifted eye?
Why that resplendent look of more
  Than queenlike majesty?

II.

O waitest thou in this thy joy
  For Gabriel once again?
Is heaven about to part, and make
  The Blessed Vision plain?

III.

She sat ; beneath her shadow were
The Chosen of her Son ;
Within each heart and on each face
Her power and spirit shone.

IV.

Hers was the courage they had won
From her prevailing prayers ;
They gazed on her, until her heart
Began to beat in theirs.

V.

Her Son had left that heart to them :
For ten long nights and days,
The Saviour gone, no Spirit come,
She ruled their infant ways.

VI.

Queen of the Church! around thee shines
  The purest light of heaven,
And all created things to thee
  For thy domain are given!

VII.

Why waitest thou then so abashed,
  Wrapt in extatic fear,
Speechless with adoration, hushed,—
  Hushed as though God were near?

VIII.

She is a creature! See! she bows,
  She trembles though so great;—
Created Majesty o'erwhelmed
  Before the Increate!

IX.

He comes! He comes! That mighty Breath
  From heaven's eternal shores;
His uncreated freshness fills
  His Bride as she adores.

X.

Earth quakes before that rushing blast,
  Heaven echos back the sound,
And mightily the tempest wheels
  That Upper Room around.

XI.

One moment—and the silentness
  Was breathless as the grave;
The fluttered earth forgot to quake,
  The troubled trees to wave.

XII.

One moment—and the Spirit hung
  O'er her with dread desire ;
Then broke upon the heads of all
  In cloven tongues of fire.

XIII.

Who knows in what a sea of love
  Our Lady's heart He drowned ?
Or what new gifts He gave her then ?
  What ancient gifts He crowned ?

XIV.

Grace was so multiplied on her,
  So grew within her heart,
She stands alone, earth's miracle,
  A being all apart.

XV.

What gifts He gave those chosen men
  Past ages can display ;
Nay more, their vigour still inspires
  The weakness of to-day.

XVI.

Those Tongues still speak within the Church,
  That Fire is undecayed ;
Its well-spring was that Upper Room,
  Where Mary sat and prayed.

XVII.

The Spirit came into the Church
  With His unfailing power ;
He is the Living Heart that beats
  Within her at this hour.

XVIII.

Speak gently then of Church and Saints,
  Lest you His ways reprove;
The Heat, the Pulses of the Church
  Are God's Eternal Love.

XIX.

O let us fall and worship Him,
  The Love of Sire and Son,
The Consubstantial Breath of God,
  The Coeternal One!

XX.

Ah! see, how like the Incarnate Word,
  His blessed Self He lowers,
To dwell with us invisibly,
  And make His riches ours.

XXI.

Most humble Spirit! Mighty God!
  Sweet must Thy Presence be,
If loss of Jesus can be gain,
  So long as we have Thee!

XV.

TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

I.

Mother of Mercy! day by day
  My love of thee grows more and more;
Thy gifts are strewn upon my way
  Like sands upon the great sea-shore.

II.

Though poverty and work and woe
  The masters of my life may be,
When times are worst, who does not know
  Darkness is light with love of thee?

III.

But scornful men have coldly said
  Thy love was leading me from God ;
And yet in this I did but tread
  The very path my Saviour trod.

IV.

They know but little of thy worth
  Who speak these heartless words to me ;
For what did Jesus love on earth
  One half so tenderly as thee ?

V.

Get me the grace to love thee more ;
  Jesus will give if thou wilt plead ;
And, Mother ! when life's cares are o'er,
  O, I shall love thee then indeed !

VI.

Jesus, when His three hours were run,
  Bequeath'd thee from the cross to me;
And O! how can I love thy Son,
  Sweet Mother! if I love not thee?

XVI.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

I.

O purest of creatures! sweet Mother! sweet Maid!
The one spotless womb wherein Jesus was laid!
Dark night hath come down on us, Mother! and we
Look out for thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

II.

Deep night hath come down on this rough-spoken world,
And the banners of darkness are boldly unfurled;
And the tempest-tost Church—all her eyes are on thee,
They look to thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

III.

The Church doth what God had first taught her
to do ;
He looked o'er the world to find hearts that were
true ;
Through the ages He looked, and He found
none but thee,
And He loved thy clear shining, sweet Star of
the Sea !

IV.

He gazed on thy soul ; it was spotless and fair,
For the empire of sin—it had never been there ;
None had e'er owned thee, dear Mother ! but He,
And He blessed thy clear shining, sweet Star of
the Sea !

V.

Earth gave Him one lodging ; 'twas deep in thy
breast,
And God found a home where the sinner finds
rest ;
His home and His hiding-place, both were in
thee,
He was won by thy shining, sweet Star of the
Sea !

VI.

O blissful and calm was the wonderful rest
That thou gavest thy God in thy virginal breast ;
For the Heaven He left He found Heaven in
thee,
And He shone in thy shining, sweet Star of the
Sea !

VII.

To sinners what comfort, to angels what mirth,
That God found one creature unfallen on earth,
One spot where His Spirit untroubled could be,
The depths of thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

VIII.

So age after age in the Church hath gone round,
And the Saints new inventions of homage have found,
New titles of honour, new honours for thee,
New love for thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

IX.

And now from the Church of all lands thy dear name
Comes borne on the breath of one mighty acclaim;
Men call on their father, that He should decree
A new gem to thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

X.

O shine on us brighter than ever, then, shine !
For the primest of honours, dear Mother ! is
thine ;
"Conceived without sin," thy new title shall be,
Clear light from thy birth-spring, sweet Star of
the Sea !

XI.

So worship we God in these rude latter days ;
So worship we Jesus our Love, when we praise
His wonderful grace in the gifts He gave thee,
The gift of clear shining, sweet Star of the Sea !

XII.

Deep night hath come down on us, Mother ! deep
night,
And we need more than ever the guide of thy [light ;
For the darker the night is, the brighter should be
Thy beautiful shining, sweet Star of the Sea !

XVII.

THE DOLOURS OF OUR LADY.

I.

God of Mercy! let us run
  Where yon fount of sorrows flows;
Pondering sweetly, one by one,
  Jesu's wounds, and Mary's woes.

II.

Ah! those tears Our Lady shed,
  Enough to drown a world of sin;
Tears that Jesu's sorrows fed,
  Peace and pardon well may win!

III.

His five Wounds a very home
  For our prayers and praises prove ;
And our Lady's Woes become
  Endless joys in Heaven above.

IV.

Jesus, who for us didst die,
  All on Thee our love we pour ;
And in the Holy Trinity
  Worship Thee for ever more.

(From the Breviary "*Summæ Deus Clementiæ.*")

VIII.

MONTH OF MAY.

PIOUS ASPIRATIONS TO THE MOTHER OF GOD, FOR EVERY DAY IN THE MONTH.

(FROM THE ITALIAN.)

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1. Joy of my heart! O let me pay
   To thee thine own sweet month of May.

2. Mary! one gift I beg of Thee,
   My soul from sin and sorrow free.

3. Direct my wandering feet aright,
   And be Thyself mine own true light.

4. Be love of Thee the purging fire,
To cleanse for God my heart's desire.

5. Mother! be love of Thee a ray
From Heaven, to show the heavenward way.

6. Mary! make haste Thy child to win
From sin, and from the love of sin.

7. Mother of God! let my poor love
A mother's prayers and pity move.

8. Oh Mary, when I come to die,
Be Thou, Thy spouse, and Jesus nigh.

9. When mute before the Judge I stand,
My holy shield be Mary's hand.

10. Oh Mary ! let no child of Thine
In hell's eternal exile pine.

11. If time for penance still be mine,
Mother, the precious gift is Thine.

12. Thou, Mary, art my hope and life,
The starlight of this earthly strife.

13. Oh, for my own, and others' sin,
Do Thou, who canst, free pardon win.

14. To sinners all, to me the chief,
Send, Mother, send Thy kind relief.

15 To Thee our love and troth are given ;
Pray for us, pray, bright Gate of Heaven.

16. Sweet Day-Star! let thy beauty be
A light to draw my soul to Thee.

17. We love Thee, light of sinners' eyes!
O let Thy prayer for sinners rise,

18. Look at us, Mother Mary! see
How piteously we look to Thee.

19. I am Thy slave, nor would I be
For worlds from this sweet bondage free.

20. Oh Jesus, Joseph, Mary, deign
My soul in heavenly ways to train.

21. Sweet Stewardess of God, Thy prayers
We beg, who are God's ransomed heirs.

22. Oh Virgin-born ! Oh Flesh Divine !
Cleanse us, and make us wholly Thine.

23. Mary, dear Mistress of my heart,
What thou wouldst have me do impart.

24. Thou, who wert pure as driven snow,
Make me as Thou wert here below.

25. Oh Queen of Heaven ! obtain for me
Thy glory there one day to see.

26. O then and there, on that bright day,
To me Thy womb's chaste Fruit display.

27. Mother of God ! to me no less
Vouchsafe a mother's sweet caress.

28. Be love of Thee, my whole life long,
A seal upon my wayward tongue.

29. Write on my heart's most sacred core
The five dear Wounds that Jesus bore.

30. O give me tears to shed with Thee
Beneath the Cross on Calvary.

31. One more request, and I have done ;—
With love of Thee and Thy dear Son,
More let me burn, and more each day,
Till love of self is burned away.

XIX.

THE ASSUMPTION.

I.

Sing, sing, ye Angel Bands,
  All beautiful and bright;
For higher still, and higher,
  Through the vast fields of light,
Mary, your Queen, ascends,
  Like the sweet moon at night.

II.

A fairer flower than she
  On earth hath never been ;
And, save the Throne of God,
  Your heavens have never seen
A wonder half so bright
  As your ascending Queen.

III.

O happy Angels ! look,
  How beautiful she is !
See ! Jesus bears her up,
  Her hand is locked in His ;
O who can tell the height
  Of that fair Mother's bliss ?

IV.

And shall I lose thee then,
  Lose my sweet right to thee ?
Ah ! no—the Angels' Queen
  Man's mother still will be,
And thou, upon thy throne,
  Wilt keep thy love for me.

XX.

TO OUR BLESSED LADY,

FOR THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.

I.

O turn to Jesus, Mother ! turn,
  And call Him by His tenderest names ;
Pray for the Holy Souls that burn
  This hour amid the cleansing flames.

II.

Ah ! they have fought a gallant fight ;
  In death's cold arms they persevered ;
And after life's uncheery night
  The harbour of their rest is neared.

III.

In pains beyond all earthly pains,
  Favourites of Jesus ! there they lie,
Letting the fire wear out their stains,
  And worshipping God's purity.

IV.

Spouses of Christ they are, for He
  Was wedded to them by His blood ;
The faithful Cross their trysting-tree,
  Their marriage-bed its hallowed wood.

V.

They are the children of thy tears ;
  Then hasten, Mother ! to their aid ;
In pity think each hour appears
  An age while glory is delayed.

VI.

See, how they bound amid their fires,
While pain and love their spirits fill;
Then with self-crucified desires
Utter sweet murmurs, and lie still.

VII.

Ah me! the love of Jesus yearns
O'er that abyss of sacred pain,
And as He looks His Bosom burns
With Calvary's dear thirst again.

VIII.

O Mary! let thy Son no more
His lingering Spouses thus expect;
God's children to their God restore,
And to the Spirit His elect.

IX.

Pray then, as thou hast ever prayed;
Angels and Souls, all look to thee;
God waits thy prayers, for He hath made
Those prayers His law of charity.

XXI.

HYMN TO ST. JOSEPH.

I.

Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !
Husband of Mary, hail !
Chaste as the lily flower
In Eden's peaceful vale.

II.

Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !
Father of Christ esteemed !
Father be thou to those
Thy Foster-Son redeemed.

III.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
Prince of the house of God,
May His best graces be
By thy sweet hands bestowed.

IV.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
Comrade of angels, hail!
Cheer thou the hearts that faint,
And guide the steps that fail.

V.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
God's choice wert thou alone;
To thee the Word made flesh
Was subject as a Son.

VI.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
Teach us our flesh to tame,
And, Mary, keep the hearts
That love thy husband's name.

VII.

Mother of Jesus! bless,
And bless, ye Saints on high,
All meek and simple souls
That to Saint Joseph cry.

Amen.

XXII.

THE PATRONAGE OF ST. JOSEPH.

I.

Dear Husband of Mary! dear Nurse of her Child!
Life's ways are full weary, the desert is wild;
Bleak sands are all round us, no home can we see;
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! we lean upon thee.

II.

For thou to the pilgrim art Father and Guide,
And Jesus and Mary felt safe by thy side;
Ah! blessed Saint Joseph! how safe should I be,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! if thou wert with me!

III.

O blessed Saint Joseph! how great was thy worth,
The one chosen shadow of God upon earth,
The Father of Jesus—ah! then wilt thou be,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! a father to me?

IV.

Thou hast not forgotten the long dreary road,
When Mary took turns with thee, bearing thy God;
Yet light was that burden, none lighter could be:
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! O canst thou bear me?

V.

A cold thankless heart and a mean love of ease,
What weights, blessed Patron! more galling than these?

My life, my past life, thy clear vision may see;
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! O canst thou love me?

VI.

Ah! give me thy Burden to bear for a while;
Let me kiss His warm lips, and adore His sweet smile;
With her Babe in my arms, surely Mary will be,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! my pleader with thee!

VII.

When the treasures of God were unsheltered on earth,
Safe keeping was found for them both in thy worth;
O Father of Jesus! be father to me,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! and I will love thee.

VIII.

God chose thee for Jesus and Mary—wilt thou
Forgive a poor exile for choosing thee now?
There is no Saint in Heaven I worship like thee,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! O deign to love me!

XXIII.

THE CREATION OF THE ANGELS.

I.

In pulses deep of threefold Love,
  Self-hushed and self-possessed,
The mighty, unbeginning God
  Had lived in silent rest.

II.

With His own greatness all alone
  The sight of Self had been
Beauty of beauties, joy of joys
  Before His eye serene.

III.

He lay before Himself, and gazed
As ravished with the sight,
Brooding on His own attributes
With dread untold delight.

IV.

No ties were on His bliss, for He
Had neither end nor cause;
For His own glory 'twas enough
That He was what He was.

V.

His glory was full grown; His light
Had owned no dawning dim;
His love did not outgrow Himself,
For nought could grow in Him.

VI.

He stirred—and yet we know not how
  Nor wherefore He should move;
In our poor human words, it was
  An overflow of love.

VII.

It was the first outspoken word
  That broke that peace sublime,
An outflow of eternal love
  Into the lap of time.

VIII.

He stirred; and beauty all at once
  Forth from His Being broke;
Spirit and strength, and living life,
  Created things, awoke.

IX.

Order and multitude and light
  In beauteous showers outstreamed;
And realms of newly-fashioned space
  With radiant angels beamed.

X.

How wonderful is life in Heaven
  Amid the angelic choirs,
Where uncreated Love has crowned
  His first created fires.

XI.

But see! new marvels gather there!
  The wisdom of the Son
With Heaven's completest wonder ends
  The work so well begun.

XII.

The Throne is set: the blessed Three
Crowning their work are seen—
The Mother of the First-Born Son,
The first-born creatures' Queen!

XXIV.

TO MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

FOR THE SCHOOL CHILDREN.

I.

Dear Angel! ever at my side,
  How loving must thou be
To leave thy home in Heaven to guard
  A guilty wretch like me.

II.

Thy beautiful and shining face
  I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft low voice
  I am too deaf to hear.

III.

I cannot feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did
When I was but a child.

IV.

But I have felt thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

V.

And when, dear Spirit! I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.

VI.

Yes! when I pray thou prayest too—
  Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
  But watchest patiently.

VII.

But most of all I feel thee near,
  When, from the good priest's feet,
I go absolved, in fearless love,
  Fresh toils and cares to meet.

VIII.

And thou in life's last hour wilt bring
  A fresh supply of grace,
And afterwards wilt let me kiss
  Thy beautiful bright face.

IX.

Ah me! how lovely they must be
  Whom God has glorified;
Yet one of them, O sweetest thought!
  Is ever at my side.

X.

Then for thy sake, dear Angel! now
  More humble will I be:
But I am weak, and when I fall,
  O weary not of me:

XI.

O weary not, but love me still,
  For Mary's sake, thy Queen;
She never tired of me, though I
  Her worst of sons have been.

XII.

She will reward thee with a smile;
  Thou know'st what it is worth!
For Mary's smiles each day convert
  The hardest hearts on earth.

XIII.

Then love me, love me, Angel dear!
  And I will love thee more;
And help me when my soul is cast
  Upon the eternal shore.

XXV.

ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL.

I.

It is no earthly summer's ray
That sheds this golden brightness round,
Crowning with heavenly light the day
The Princes of the Church were crowned.

II.

The blessed Seer to whom were given
The hearts of men to teach and school,
And he that keeps the keys of heaven
For those on earth that own his rule ;—

III.

Fathers of mighty Rome, whose word
  Shall pass the doom of life or death,—
By humble cross and bleeding sword
  Well have they won their laurel wreath.

IV.

O happy Rome, made holy now
  By these two martyrs' glorious blood,
Earth's best and fairest cities bow
  By thy superior claims subdued.

V.

For thou alone art worth them all,
  City of martyrs! thou alone
Canst cheer our pilgrim hearts, and call
  The Saviour's sheep to Peter's throne.

VI.

All honour, power, and praise be given
To Him who reigns in bliss on high,
For endless, endless years in heaven,
One only God in Trinity!

Amen.

(From the Breviary—"*Decora lux æternitatis auream.*")

XXVI.

TO OUR HOLY FATHER AND BLESSED FOUNDER, ST. PHILIP NERI.

I.

Dear Father Philip! holy Sire!
We are poor sons of thine,
Thy last and least,—then to our prayers
A father's ear incline.

II.

We wandered weeping heretofore
For many a long, long day;
But thou hast taught us how to mourn
In thy more tender way:—

III.

To mourn that God of all His sons
  So little loved should be ;—
To mourn that mid the world's cold hearts
  None were more cold than we ;—

IV.

To mourn, and yet to joy and love,
  With overflowing heart,
And in thy school of Christian mirth
  To bear our humble part.

V.

Gay as the lark at morning's door,
  Singing its fearless song ;
Yet plaintive as the dove that mourns
  In secret all day long ;—

VI.

Busy and blythe in hidden cell,
  Or crowded street no less,
We use thy modest wiles to save
  The world by cheerfulness.

VII.

Mid strife and change, cold hearts and tongues,
  How much we owe to thee!
This sunny service! who could dream
  Earth had such liberty.

VIII.

Look at the crowds of this sweet land,
  Dear Father Philip! see
How shepherdless they wander on,
  How lone, how hopelessly.

IX.

O make us sons of thine indeed,
  Fill us with thy true mirth,
Thy strength of prayer, thy might of love,
  To change these hearts of earth.

X.

By thee for Mary's household hired,—
  May burning heart and word
So preach her, that her name may be
  In England like a sword.

XI.

And oft above our shrines be seen,
  In humblest garments swathed,
Our God and King, while every eye
  In speechless tears is bathed.

XII.

May crowds, like reeds before the wind,
  In utter love bow down,
In utter love and faith before
  His sacramental throne ;

XIII.

While from His known and kingly eye
  Bright streams of blessing part,
And rain like sunbeams far within
  The rapt and trembling heart.

XIV.

In Philip's name, in Philip's way,
  To God and Mary true,
In this our own dear Saxon-land
  Good work we fain would do.

XV.

To this our own dear Saxon-land
  We welcome thee to-day;
Dread Father! come and toil with us
  In thine own trustful way.

XVI.

Jesus and Mary be the stars
  That shine for us on high:
God and St. Philip! brothers! be
  Our gentle battle-cry.

XVII.

By haughty word, cold force of mind,
  We seek not hearts to rule;
Hearts win the hearts they seek! Behold
  The secret of our school!

XVIII.

By winning way, by playful love,
  Our wonders will we do,—
The playfulness of such as know
  Their faith alone is true.

XIX.

By touch and tone, by voice and eye,
  By many a little wile,
May cold and sin-bound spirits own
  In us our Father's guile.

XX.

Dear Father Philip! give to us
  Thy manners gay and free,
Thy patient trust, thy plaint of prayer,
  Thy deep simplicity.

XXVII.

TO ST. WILFRID.

I.

Hail, holy Wilfrid, hail !
Kindest of patrons, hail !
Whose loving help doth ne'er
Thy trusting children fail !

II.

Saint of the cheerful heart,
Quick step and beaming eye !
Give light unto our lives,
And at our death be nigh !

III.

To Mary's lovers thou,
Sweet Saint! hast shown the road;
O teach us how to love
The Mother of our God.

IV.

Give us thy love of work,
Thy spirit's manly powers,
And teach us how to save
This Saxon-land of ours.

V.

Teach us, dear Saint! to make
The Church our only home,
To love the faith, the prayers,
And all the ways of Rome!

VI.

Thy life was one long voyage
Of unabated hope,
Winning the truant hearts
Of England to the Pope.

VII.

We have the same to do,
A labour hard but sweet ;
And we have but to trace
The pathway of thy feet.

VIII.

For England's sake make us
Humble and gay and pure ;
For so the heart works best,
And makes the blessing sure.

IX.

Ah ! we have need of thee,
To knit us all in one,
The mischief to undo
Which our cold hearts have done.

X.

To Ireland's sons of faith
Hard measure have we dealt ;—
One faith would breed one heart
In Saxon and in Celt.

XI.

Thou hadst no idle hour ;
Thy gains with toil were bought ;
Saint Wilfrid ! make us love
Our country as we ought !

XII.

Wilfrid! by thy sweet name
Our little ones we'll call;
O then on them and us
Let thy rich blessing fall.

XIII.

Lover of youth! do thou
Our English children bless;
Their joyous hearts' first love
For Mary's service press.

XIV.

Into our souls, dear Saint!
With thy blythe courage come,
And make us missioners
Of Mary and of Rome!

XV.

Hail, holy Wilfrid, hail !
Saint of the free and gay !
Look how we follow thee,
And bless us in our way !

XXVIII.

FLOWERS FOR THE ALTAR.

FOR THE SCHOOL CHILDREN.

I.

See! the sun beyond the hill
  Is dipping, dipping down,
Right above that old Scotch fir
  Just like a golden crown.

II.

Children! quick, and come with me;
  Handfuls of cowslips bring,
Hawthorn bright with boughs of white,
  And Mayflowers from the spring.

III.

Lucy has fresh shoots of thyme
From her own garden plot:
Jacob's lilac has been stripped—
A gay and goodly lot!

IV.

To St. Wilfrid's we will go,
And give them to the priest;
He must deck our Lady's shrine
To-morrow for the feast.

V.

Poor indeed the flowers we give,
But we ourselves are poor:
Payment for each gift to her
Is plentiful and sure.

VI.

By the picture Lucy loves
  Hail-Maries will we say,
And for him who's far at sea
  Most fervently we'll pray.

VII.

When I kneel in that sweet place
  I cannot help but cry ;
Then she seems to smile on me
  Doubly through her bright eye.

VIII.

Quick ! the cock upon the spire
  Shines with his gleamy tail :
He's the last who sees the sun
  In all this happy vale.

IX.

God be praised, who sent the faith
To these lone fields of ours,
And God's Mother, too, who takes
Our little tithe of flowers.

XXIX.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS.

I.

Faith of our Fathers! living still
  In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword:
Oh how our hearts beat high with joy
  Whene'er we hear that glorious word:
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

II.

Our Fathers, chained in prisons dark,
  Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's fate,
  If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

III.

Faith of our Fathers! Mary's prayers
  Shall win our country back to thee;
And through the truth that comes from God
  England shall then indeed be free.
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

IV.

Faith of our Fathers! we will love
  Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
  By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

XXX.

CONVERSION.

I.

O Faith! thou workest miracles
  Upon the hearts of men,
Choosing thy home in those same hearts
  We know not how or when.

II.

To one thy grave unearthly truths
  A heavenly vision seem;
While to another's eye they are
  A superstitious dream.

III.

To one the deepest doctrines look
  So naturally true,
That when he learns the lesson first
  He hardly thinks it new.

IV.

To other hearts the selfsame truths
  No light or heat can bring;
They are but puzzling phrases strung
  Like beads upon a string.

V.

O Gift of Gifts! O Grace of Faith!
  My God! how can it be
That Thou, who hast discerning love,
  Shouldst give that gift to me?

VI.

There was a place, there was a time,
  Whether by night or day,
Thy Spirit came and left that gift,
  And went upon His way.

VII.

How many hearts Thou mightst have had
  More innocent than mine!
How many souls more worthy far
  Of that sweet touch of Thine!

VIII.

Ah Grace! into unlikeliest hearts
  It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
  In darkest spots a home.

IX.

How will they die, how will they die,
  How bear the cross of grief,
Who have not got the light of faith,
  The courage of belief?

X.

The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross
  Seem trifles less than light,—
Earth looks so little and so low,
  When faith shines full and bright.

XI.

O happy, happy that I am!
  If thou canst be, O Faith!
The treasure that thou art in life,
  What wilt thou be in death?

XII.

Thy choice, O God of Goodness! then
  I lovingly adore;
O give me grace to keep Thy grace,
  And grace to merit more!

XXXI.

THE WILL OF GOD.

I.

I worship thee, sweet Will of God!
And all thy ways adore,
And every day I live I seem
To love thee more and more.

II.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule
Of Jesu's toils and tears;
Thou wert the passion of His Heart
Those Three-and-thirty years.

III.

And He hath breathed into my soul
  A special love of thee,
A love to lose my will in His,
  And by that loss be free.

IV.

I love to see thee bring to nought
  The plans of wily men;
When simple hearts outwit the wise,
  O thou art loveliest then!

V.

The headstrong world, it presses hard
  Upon the Church full oft,
And then how easily thou turn'st
  The hard ways into soft.

VI.

I love to kiss each print where thou
  Hast set thine unseen feet:
I cannot fear thee, blessed Will!
  Thine empire is so sweet.

VII.

When obstacles and trials seem
  Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
  And leave the rest to thee.

VIII.

I know not what it is to doubt,
  My heart is ever gay;
I run no risk, for come what will
  Thou always hast thy way.

IX.

I have no cares, O blessed Will!
  For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord! for Thou
  Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

X.

And when it seems no chance or change
  From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
  And gaily waits on thee.

XI.

Man's weakness waiting upon God
  Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
  More angel-like than this.

XII.

Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
  Thou glorious Will! ride on;
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take
  The road that thou hast gone.

XIII.

He always wins who sides with God,
  To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
  It triumphs at his cost.

XIV.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
  And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
  If it be His sweet Will!

XXXII.

THE WORLD.

I.

O Jesus! if in days gone by
  My heart hath loved the world too well,
It needs more love for love of Thee
  To bid this cherished world farewell.

II.

O yes! I can rejoice there are
  So many things on earth to love,
So many idols for the fire,
  My love and loyal change to prove.

III.

He that loves most hath most to lose,
And willing loss is love's best prize ;
The more that Yesterday hath loved
The more To-day can sacrifice.

IV.

O Earth! thou art too beautiful!
And thou, dear Home! thou art too sweet!
The winning ways of flesh and blood
Too smooth for sinners' pilgrim feet!

V.

O bless thee, bless thee, lovely World!
That thou dost play so false a part,
And drive, like sheep into a fold,
Our loves into our Saviour's Heart.

VI.

The woods and flowers, the running streams,
  The sunshine of the common skies,
The round of household peace—what heart
  But owns the might of these dear ties ?

VII.

The sweetness of known faces is
  A couch where weary souls repose ;
Known voices are as David's harp
  Bewitching Saul's oppressive woes.

VIII.

And yet, bright World! thou art not wise ;
  O no! enchantress though thou art,
Thou art not skilful in thy way
  Of dealing with a wearied heart.

IX.

If thou hadst kept thy faith with me,
  I might have been thy servant still ;
But, ah! lost love and broken faith,
  Poor world! these are beyond thy skill.

X.

This have I leaned upon, dear Lord!
  This world hath had Thy rightful place ;
O come, then, jealous King of love!
  Come, and begin Thy reign of grace.

XI.

O banish me from all I love,
  The smiles of friends, the old fireside,
And drive me to that home of homes,
  The Heart of Jesus Crucified.

XII.

O take the light away from earth,
  Take all that men can love from me ;
Let all I lean upon give way,
  That I may lean on nought but Thee!

XXXIII.

DISTRACTIONS IN PRAYER.

I.

Ah! dearest Lord! I cannot pray,
My fancy is not free;
Unmannerly distractions come,
And force my thoughts from Thee.

II.

The world that looks so dull all day
Glows bright on me at prayer,
And plans that ask no thought but then
Wake up and meet me there.

III.

All nature one full fountain seems
  Of dreamy sight and sound,
Which, when I kneel, breaks up its deeps,
  And makes a deluge round.

IV.

Old voices murmur in my ear,
  New hopes start into life,
And past and future gaily blend
  In one bewitching strife.

V.

My very flesh has restless fits ;
  My changeful limbs conspire
With all these phantoms of the mind
  My inner self to tire.

VI.

I cannot pray; yet, Lord! Thou know'st
  The pain it is to me
To have my vainly-struggling thoughts
  Thus torn away from Thee.

VII.

Ah! Jesus! teach me how to prize
  These tedious hours when I,
Foolish and mute before Thy Face,
  In helpless worship lie.

VIII.

Prayer was not meant for luxury,
  Or selfish pastime sweet;
It is the prostrate creature's place
  At his Creator's Feet.

IX.

Had I kept stricter watch each hour
  O'er tongue and eye and ear,
Had I but mortified all day
  Each joy as it came near,—

X.

Had I, dear Lord! no pleasure found
  But in the thought of Thee,
Prayer would have come unsought, and been
  A truer liberty.

XI.

Yet Thou art oft most present, Lord!
  In weak distracted prayer;
A sinner out of heart with self
  Most often finds Thee there.

XII.

And prayer that humbles sets the soul
  From all illusions free,
And teaches it how utterly,
  Dear Lord! it hangs on Thee.

XIII.

The soul, that on self-sacrifice
  Is covetously bent,
Will bless Thy chastening hand that makes
  Its prayer its punishment.

XIV.

Ah, Jesus! why should I complain?
  And why fear aught but sin?
Distractions are but outward things;
  Thy peace dwells far within!

XV.

These surface-troubles come and go,
  Like rufflings of the sea ;
The deeper depth is out of reach
  To all, my God, but Thee!

XXXIV.

SWEETNESS IN PRAYER.

I.

Why dost thou beat so quick, my heart?
  Why struggle in thy cage?
What shall I do for thee, poor heart!
  Thy throbbing heat to swage?

II.

What spell is this come over thee?
  My soul! what sweet surprise?
And wherefore these unbidden tears
  That start into mine eyes?

III.

How are my passions laid to sleep,
  How easy penance seems!
And how the bright world fades away—
  O are they all but dreams?

IV.

How great, how good does God appear,
  How dear our holy faith!
How tasteless life's best joys have grown!
  How I could welcome death!

V.

Thy sweetness hath betrayed Thee, Lord!
  Dear Spirit! it is Thou;
Deeper and deeper in my heart
  I feel Thee nestling now.

VI.

Whence Thou hast come I need not ask;
But, O most gentle Dove!
O wherefore hast Thou lit on one
That so repays thy love?

VII.

Ah! that thou mightest stay with me,
Or else that I might die
While heart and soul are still subdued
With Thy sweet mastery.

VIII.

Thy home is with the humble, Lord!
The simple are Thy rest;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
Thou makest there Thy nest.

IX.

Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!
  If Thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
  I'll build a nest for Thee.

X.

My heart, sweet Dove! I'll lend to Thee
  To mourn with at Thy will;
My tongue shall be Thy lute to try
  On sinners' souls Thy skill.

XI.

How silver-like thy plumage is!
  Thy voice how grave, how gay!
Ah me! how I shall miss Thee, Lord!
  Then promise me to stay!

XII.

Who made this beating heart of mine,
  But Thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it then but Thee,
  And let it be Thy nest.

XXXV.

DRYNESS IN PRAYER.

I.

O for the happy days gone by,
  When love ran smooth and free,
Days when my spirit so enjoyed
  More than earth's liberty!

II.

O for the times when on my heart
  Long prayer had never palled,
Times when the ready thought of God
  Would come when it was called!

III.

Then when I knelt to meditate,
  Sweet thoughts came o'er my soul,
Countless and bright and beautiful,
  Beyond my own control.

IV.

O who hath locked those fountains up?
  Those visions who hath stayed?
What sudden act hath thus transformed
  My sunshine into shade?

V.

This freezing heart, O Lord! this will
  Dry as the desert sand,
Good thoughts that will not come, bad thoughts
  That come without command,—

VI.

A faith that seems not faith, a hope
  That cares not for its aim,
A love that none the hotter grows
  At Jesu's blessed name,—

VII.

The weariness of prayer, the mist
  O'er conscience overspread,
The chill repugnance to frequent
  The Feast of Angels' Bread,—

VIII.

The torment of unsettled thoughts
  That cannot fix on Thee,
And in the dread confessional
  Hard, cold fidelity :—

IX.

If this drear change be thine, O Lord!
  If it be Thy sweet will,
Spare not, but to the very brim
  The bitter chalice fill.

X.

But if it hath been sin of mine,
  O show that sin to me,
Not to get back the sweetness lost,
  But to make peace with Thee.

XI.

One thing alone, dear Lord! I dread;—
  To have a secret spot
That separates my soul from Thee,
  And yet to know it not.

XII.

O when the tide of graces set
  So full upon my heart,
I know, dear Lord! how faithlessly
  I did my little part.

XIII.

I know how well my heart hath earned
  A chastisement like this,
In trifling many a grace away
  In self-complacent bliss.

XIV.

But if this weariness hath come
  A present from on high,
Teach me to find the hidden wealth
  That in its depths may lie.

XV.

So in this darkness I can learn
To tremble and adore,
To sound my own vile nothingness,
And thus to love Thee more,—

XVI.

To love Thee, and yet not to think
That I can love so much,—
To have Thee with me, Lord! all day,
Yet not to feel Thy touch.

XVII.

If I have served thee, Lord! for hire,
Hire which Thy beauty showed,
Ah! I can serve Thee now for nought,
And only as my God.

XVIII.

O blessed be this darkness then,
  This deep in which I lie,
And blessed be all things that teach
  God's dread Supremacy!

XXXVI.

THE PAIN OF LOVE.

I.

Jesus! why dost thou love me so?
  What hast thou seen in me
To make my happiness so great,
  So dear a joy to Thee?

II.

Wert Thou not God I then might think
  Thou hadst no eye to read
The badness of that selfish heart
  For which Thine own did bleed.

III.

But thou art God, and knowest all;
  Dear Lord! thou knowest me;
And yet Thy knowledge hinders not
  Thy love's sweet liberty.

IV.

Ah, how Thy grace hath wooed my soul
  With persevering wiles!
O give me tears to weep; for tears
  Are deeper joy than smiles.

V.

Each proof renewed of Thy great love
  Humbles me more and more,
And brings to light forgotten sins,
  And lays them at my door.

VI.

The more I love Thee, Lord! the more
I hate my own cold heart;
The more Thou woundest me with love,
The more I feel the smart.

VII.

What shall I do then, dearest Lord!
Say, shall I fly from Thee,
And hide my poor unloving self
Where thou canst never see?

VIII.

Or shall I pray that Thy dear love
To me might not be given?
Ah no! love must be pain on earth,
If it be bliss in Heaven!

XXXVII.

THE END OF MAN.

I.

I come to Thee once more, my God!
  No longer will I roam;
For I have sought the wide world through,
  And never found a home.

II.

O bright and many are the spots
  Where I have built a nest;
Yet in the brightest still I pined
  For more abiding rest.

III.

Riches could bring me joy and power,
  And they were fair to see;
Yet gold was but a sorry god
  To serve instead of Thee.

IV.

Then honour and the world's good word
  Appeared a nobler faith;
Yet could I rest on bliss that hung
  And trembled on a breath?

V.

The pleasure of the passing hour
  My spirit next could wile;
But, oh! how soon my heart fell sick
  Of pleasure's weary smile?

VI.

More selfish grown, I worshipped health,
  The flush of manhood's power;
But then it came and went so quick,
  It was but for an hour.

VII.

And thus a not unkindly world
  Hath done its best for me;
Yet I have found, O God! no rest,
  No harbour short of Thee.

VIII.

For Thou hast made this wondrous soul
  All for Thyself alone;
Ah! send Thy sweet transforming grace
  To make it more Thine Own!

XXXVIII.

THE GIFTS OF GOD.

I.

My Soul! what hast thou done for God?
  Look o'er thy misspent years and see;
Sum up what thou hast done for God,
  And then what God hath done for thee.

II.

He made thee when He might have made
  A soul that would have loved Him more;
He rescued thee from nothingness,
  And set thee on life's happy shore.

III.

He placed an angel at thy side,
  And strewed joys round thee on thy way ;
He gave thee rights thou couldst not claim,
  And life, free life, before thee lay.

IV.

Had God in heaven no work to do
  But miracles of love for thee ?
No world to rule, no joy in Self
  And in His own infinity ?

V.

So must it seem to our blind eyes :
  He gave His love no Sabbath rest,
Still plotting happiness for men,
  And new designs to make them blest.

VI.

From out His glorious Bosom came
His only, His Eternal Son;
He freed the race of Satan's slaves,
And with His Blood sin's captives won.

VII.

The world rose up against His love;
New love the vile rebellion met,
As though God only looked at sin
Its guilt to pardon and forget.

VIII.

For His Eternal Spirit came
To raise the thankless slaves to sons,
And with the sevenfold gifts of love
To crown His own elected ones.

IX.

Men spurned His grace ; their lips blasphemed
The love that made itself their slave :
They grieved that blessed Comforter,
And turned against Him what He gave.

X.

Yet still the sun is fair by day,
The moon still beautiful by night ;
The world goes round, and joy with it,
And life, free life, is men's delight.

XI.

No voice God's wondrous silence breaks,
No hand put forth His anger tells ;
But He, the Omnipotent and Dread,
On high in humblest patience dwells.

XII.

The Son hath come; and maddened sin
  The world's Creator crucified;
The Spirit comes, and stays, while men
  His presence doubt, His gifts deride.

XIII.

And now the Father keeps Himself,
  In patient and forbearing love,
To be His creature's heritage
  In that undying life above.

XIV.

O wonderful, O passing thought,
  The love that God hath had for thee!
Spending on thee no less a sum
  Than the Undivided Trinity!

XV.

Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost,
  Exhausted for a thing like this,—
The world's whole government disposed
  For one ungrateful creature's bliss !

XVI.

What hast thou done for God, my soul ?
  Look o'er thy misspent years and see ;
Cry from thy worse than nothingness,
  Cry for His mercy upon thee !

XXXIX.

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

I.

O it is hard to work for God,
  To rise and take His part
Upon this battlefield of earth,
  And not sometimes lose heart!

II.

He hides Himself so wondrously,
  As though there were no God ;
He is least seen when all the powers
  Of ill are most abroad :

III.

Or He deserts us at the hour
  The fight is all but lost ;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
  Just when we need Him most.

IV.

O there is less to try our faith,
  In our mysterious creed,
Than in the godless look of earth
  In these our hours of need.

V.

Ill masters good ; good seems to change
  To ill with greatest ease ;
And, worst of all, the good with good
  Is at cross purposes.

VI.

The Church, the Sacraments, the Faith,
Their uphill journey take,
Lose here what there they gain, and, if
We lean upon them, break.

VII.

It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

VIII.

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

IX.

The look, the fashion of God's ways
  Love's lifelong study are;
She can be bold, and guess, and act,
  When reason would not dare.

X.

She has a prudence of her own;
  Her step is firm and free;
Yet there is cautious science too
  In her simplicity.

XI.

Workman of God! O lose not heart,
  But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
  Thou shalt know where to strike.

XII.

O blest is he to whom is given
  The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when He
  Is most invisible!

XIII.

And blest is he who can divine
  Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
  Wrong to man's blindfold eye!

XIV.

O learn to scorn the praise of men!
  O learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
  And beckons thee His road.

XV.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
  Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
  What men agree to praise.

XVI.

As He can endless glory weave
  From time's misjudging shame,
In His own world He is content
  To play a losing game.

XVII.

Muse on His justice, downcast Soul!
  Muse and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field,
  Good luck shall crown thy part!

XVIII.

God's justice is a bed where we
  Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
  Our discontent away.

XIX.

For right is right, since God is God;
  And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
  To falter would be sin!

———————

XL.

TRUE LOVE.

I.

O see how Jesus trusts Himself
  Unto our childish love,
As though by His free ways with us
  Our earnestness to prove!

II.

God gives Himself as Mary's Babe
  To sinners' trembling arms,
And veils His everlasting light
  In childhood's feeble charms.

III.

His sacred Name a common word
  On earth He loves to hear;
There is no majesty in Him
  Which love may not come near.

IV.

His priests, they bear Him in their hands,
  Helpless as babe can be;
His love seems very foolishness
  For its simplicity.

V.

The light of love is round His feet,
  His paths are never dim;
And He comes nigh to us when we
  Dare not come nigh to Him.

VI.

Let us be simple with Him then,
  Not backward, stiff or cold,
As though our Bethlehem could be
  What Sina was of old.

VII.

His love of us may teach us how
  To love Him in return;
Love cannot help but grow more free
  The more its transports burn.

VIII.

The solemn face, the downcast eye,
  The words constrained and cold,—
These are the homage, poor at best,
  Of those outside the fold.

IX.

They know not how our God can play
The Babe's, the Brother's part;
They dream not of the ways He has
Of getting at the heart.

X.

Most winningly He lowers Himself,
Yet they dare not come near;
They cannot know in their blind place
The love that casts out fear.

XI.

In lowest depths of littleness
God sinks to gain our love;
They put away the sign in fear,
And our free ways reprove.

XII.

O that they knew what Jesus was,
  And what untold abyss
Lies in love's simple forwardness
  Of more than earthly bliss!

XIII.

O that they knew what faith can work!
  What Sacraments can do!
What simple love is like, on fire
  In hearts absolved and true!

XIV.

How can they tell how Jesus oft
  His secret thirst will slake
On those strange freedoms childlike hearts
  Are taught by God to take?

XV.

Poor souls! they know not how to love;
They feel not Jesus near;
And they who know not how to love
Still less know how to fear.

XVI.

The humbling of the Incarnate Word
They have not faith to face;
And how shall they who have not faith
Attain love's better grace?

XVII.

The awe that lies too deep for words,
Too deep for solemn looks,—
It finds no way into the face,
No spoken vent in books.

XVIII.

They would not speak in measured tones,
  If love had in them wrought
Until their spirits had been hushed
  In reverential thought.

XIX.

They would have smiled in playful ways
  To ease their fevered heart,
And learned with other simple souls
  To play love's crafty part.

XX.

They would have run away from God
  For their own vileness' sake,
And feared lest some interior light
  From tell-tale eyes should break.

XXI.

They know not how the outward smile
  The inward awe can prove;
They fathom not the creature's fear
  Of Uncreated Love.

XXII.

The majesty of God ne'er broke
  On them like fire at night,
Flooding their stricken souls, while they
  Lay trembling in the light.

XXIII.

They love not; for they have not kissed
  The Saviour's outer hem:
They fear not; for the Living God
  Is yet unknown to them!

XLI.

PERFECTION.

I.

O how the thought of God attracts
  And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
  And dissipating mirth!

II.

'Tis not enough to save our souls,
  To shun the eternal fires;
The thought of God will rouse the heart
  To more sublime desires.

III.

God only is the creature's home,
  Though long and rough the road;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
  The love that longs for God.

IV.

O utter but the Name of God
  Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
  All tempting light departs.

V.

A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
  Can win their way above;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
  Is there less power in love?

VI.

How little of that road, my soul!
  How little hast thou gone!
Take heart, and let the thought of God
  Allure thee further on.

VII.

The freedom from all wilful sin,
  The Christian's daily task,—
O these are graces far below
  What longing love would ask!

VIII.

Dole not thy duties out to God,
  But let thy hand be free:
Look long at Jesus; His sweet Blood,
  How was it dealt to thee?

IX.

The perfect way is hard to flesh;
It is not hard to love;
If thou wert sick for want of God,
How swiftly wouldst thou move!

X.

Good is the cloister's silent shade,
Cold watch and pining fast;
Better the mission's wearing strife,
If there thy lot be cast.

XI.

Yet none of these perfection needs:—
Keep thy heart calm all day,
And catch the words the Spirit there
From hour to hour may say.

XII.

O keep thy conscience sensitive;
No inward token miss;
And go where grace entices thee;—
Perfection lies in this.

XIII.

Be docile to thine unseen Guide,
Love Him as He loves thee;
Time and obedience are enough,
And thou a Saint shalt be!

XLII.

PREDESTINATION.

I.

Father and God! mine endless doom
  Is hidden in Thy Hand,
And I shall know not what it is
  Till at Thy bar I stand.

II.

Thou knowest what Thou hast decreed
  For me in Thy dread Will;
I in my helpless ignorance
  Must tremble and lie still.

III.

All light is darkness, when I think
  Of what may be my fate;
Yet hearts will trust, and hope can teach
  Both faith and love to wait.

IV.

A little strife of flesh and soul,
  A single word from Thee,
And in a moment I possess
  A fixed eternity:—

V.

Fixed, fixed, irrevocably fixed!
  O at this silent hour
The thought of what is possible
  Comes with terrific power:

VI.

As though into some awful depth
  Rash hands had flung a stone,
And still the frightening echoes grow,
  As it goes sounding on.

VII.

My fears adore Thee, O my God!
  My heart is chilled with awe;
Yet love from out that very chill
  Fresh life and heat can draw.

VIII.

Thou owest me no duties, Lord!
  Thy Being hath no ties;
The world lies open to Thy Will,
  Its victim and its prize.

IX.

Father! Thy power is merciful
  To us poor worms below,
Not bound by justice, but because
  Thyself hath willed it so.

X.

The fallen creature hath no rights,
  No voice in Thy decrees;
Yet while Thy glory owns no claims,
  Thy love makes promises.

XI.

Thou mayst have willed that I should die
  In friendship, Lord! with Thee,
Or I may in the act of sin
  Touch on eternity.

XII.

What can I do but trust Thee, Lord!
For Thou art God alone?
My soul is safer in Thy hands,
Father! than in my own.

XIII.

I worship Thee with breathless fears;
Thou wilt do what Thou wilt;
The worst Thine anger hath in store
Is far below my guilt.

XIV.

O fearful thought! one act of sin
Within itself contains
The power of endless hate of God,
And everlasting pains.

XV.

For me to do such act I know
  How slight a change I need,
Yet know not if restraining grace
  For me hath been decreed.

XVI.

What can I do but trust Thee, Lord?
  That trust my heart will cheer;
And love must learn to live abashed
  Beneath continual fear.

XVII.

That Thou art God is my one joy!
  Whate'er Thy will may be,
Thy glory will be magnified
  In Thy last doom of me!

XLIII.

ST. PHILIP'S HOME.

Recordare, Virgo Mater, in conspectu Dei,
ut loquaris pro nobis bona.
Missale Romanum.

I.

O Mary! Mother Mary! our tears are flowing
fast,
For mighty Rome, St. Philip's home, is desolate
and waste;
There are wild beasts in her palaces far fiercer
and more bold
Than those that licked the martyrs' feet in
heathen days of old.

II.

O Mary! Mother Mary! that dear City was thine
own,
And brightly once a thousand lamps before thine
altars shone;
At the corners of the streets thy Child's sweet
Face and thine
Charmed evil out of many hearts, and darkness
out of mine.

III.

By Peter's Cross and Paul's sharp Sword, dear
Mother Mary! pray!
By the dungeon deep where thy St. Luke in
weary durance lay,
And by the Church thou knows't so well beside
the Latin Gate,
For the love of John, dear Mother! stay the hap-
less City's fate.

IV.

For the exiled Pontiff's sake, our Father and our Lord,
O Mother! bid the Angel sheathe his keen avenging sword;
For the Vicar of thy Son, poor exile though he be,
Is busied with thine honour now by that sweet southern sea.

V.

O by the joy thou hadst in Rome, when every street and square
Burned with the fire of holy love that Philip kindled there!
And by that throbbing heart of his which thou didst keep at Rome,
Let not the spoiler waste dear Father Philip's home!

VI.

O by the dread basilicas, the pilgrim's gates to heaven,
By all the shrines and relics God to Christian Rome hath given,
By the countless Ave-Maries that have rung from out its towers,
By Peter's threshold, Mother! save this pilgrim-place of ours!

VII.

By all the words of peace and power, that from St. Peter's Chair
Have stilled the angry world so oft, this glorious City spare!
By the lowliness of him whose gentle-hearted sway
A thousand lands are blessing now, dear Mother Mary! pray.

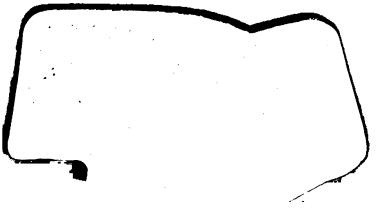
VIII.

By the pageants bright whose golden light hath
flashed through street and square,
And by the long processions that have borne thy
Jesus there!
By the glories of the Saints, by the honours that
were thine,
By all the worship God hath got from many a
blazing shrine,—

IX.

By all heroic deeds of Saints that Rome hath ever
seen,
By all the times her multitudes have crowned
thee for their queen,
By all the glory God hath gained from out that
wondrous place,
O Mary! Mother Mary! pray thy strongest
prayer for grace!

X.

O Mary! Mother Mary! thou wilt plead for
Philip's home;
Thou wilt turn the heart of Him who turned St.
Peter back to Rome;
O! thou wilt pray thy prayer; and the battle will
be won,
And the Saviour's sinless Mother save the City of
her Son!

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